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HELENA, MONT., FEB. 3, 1890.

GOV. TOOLE'S ATTITUDE.

The interview with Gov. Toole which we print on another page should be carefully and thoughtfully read. It is a frank, dispassionate, straightforward utterance which sets his attitude toward the present unfortunate political situation before the country in a clear light. The governor believes the supreme court decision is wrong and unhesitatingly says so. But he believes in according due respect and authority to the decree of that tribunal and does not propose to let his position be misunderstood. "It is the decision of the highest judicial tribunal in the state, composed of judges whose election is not questioned," he says, "and I shall not resist it." In cases like this the governor will not veto such measures, nor will he sign them, but will let the question of their validity as laws be tested in the courts.

The governor makes a center shot at the supreme court decision in pointing out that while judges hold that certificates from the state board of canvassers give a prima facie title to seats in the legislature neither rump Thompson nor any other rumps, hold that sort of certificate. The state board issued no certificates. Each rump holds a simple certificate signed by territorial governor White—nothing more.

The Illinois senators do jure are Meers, Cullom and Farwell; the senators de facto, so far as the offices and influence at the white house are concerned, are George M. Pullman and John W. Doane.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is believed to have two members of his cabinet booked for judicial appointments, one for "aud lang syne" and the other in order to be rid of a blunderer at the head of the interior department.

SPEAKER REED has earned the title of the American czar by his rulings as to how many members constitute a quorum of the house. Lieut. Gov. Rickards set him the example which has been so recklessly followed.

When republican newspaper organs say that Speaker Reed is right they should explain whether they mean that he is right in the position he takes now, or in the one he took a few years ago which was in direct opposition to his present ruling.

SPEAKING of contempt of court, how is it with Jake Kilrain who whines away the weary hours pending his trial by engaging in another slugging match? That is as clear a case of contempt as the action of the Montana conspirators toward Judge DeWolfe.

Now that Brazil has been honored by official recognition from the United States, let us hope she will do nothing to dishonor the name of the republic, but will remove the censorship of news and grant the press the greatest liberty consistent with safety and order.

A PUBLIC-SPIRITED citizen offers through THE INDEPENDENT to be one of one hundred citizens to contribute \$100 each toward the erection of a public library building on ground to be set apart by the school trustees. Who will be number two? THE INDEPENDENT will announce the names as fast as received.

A PRESBYTERIAN church at Indianapolis is passing through a crisis in its existence. The trouble is not over a revision of the Westminster confession, but arises in regard to the salary of the pastor, Rev. G. G. Mitchell. First he was cut down to \$10 a week and next to the uncertain quantity of the collection plate. Although a loyal Presbyterian, the pastor does not believe that he was foreordained and predestinated from the beginning to uphold the doctrines of the church for any such beggarly compensation, and has resigned. A large part of the church and congregation believe he has been badly used and offer to set him up a pulpit in opposition to the one he has just quitted.

BLANCH K. BRUCE, the newly appointed recorder of deeds for the District of Columbia, is objected to by dwellers in the capital on the ground that he is not a resident, having voted last in the state of Indiana. The allegation, however, will only raise Mr. Bruce in the estimation of President Harrison, whose partiality to Hoosiers is notorious, and whose disposition to rehabilitate carpet-baggers has been made very apparent by recent appointments. Mr. Bruce has shown himself possessed of a get-there capacity worthy of the original Eli, and has made politics pay from the day Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, took him up and made him sergeant-at-arms of the state house of representatives and subsequently sheriff and tax collector of Bolivar county, until he left the office of register of the United States treasury about four years ago. It is related that when Bruce made up his mind to go to the United States senate

the credit of Mississippi was very low, and the members of the legislature were being paid in certificates worth in the market only 80 cents on the dollar. Bruce took advantage of the circumstance to make friends among the legislators (a majority of whom were colored men) by cashing their certificates at par. He is worth \$150,000 to \$200,000, and has a wife, nearly white, and two children.

WAGON-MAKER STUDEBAKER who took a large pecuniary interest in the Dudley scheme for carrying Indiana for Harrison warmly defends the president from criticisms of Mr. Wolcott of Colorado, and in turn gets this rasping from another Colorado republican:

"It is growing monotonous, this thing of men holding office saying that the only dissatisfaction with the administration comes from disappointed office seekers. That is a very ancient and very bad chestnut, and it comes with very bad grace from gentlemen who are willing to sing the praise of a peasant administration to enjoy such dry crusts as those upon which Mr. Studebaker is feeding his vanity."

"Why, Studebaker came to our delegation at the Chicago convention and told us that if we would support Harrison he would carry Indiana with a whirl, and that not a dollar would be asked from outsiders, and the God's truth is that when the delegation marched home it found Hoosiers already on the ground begging money to carry Indiana."

"Henry Wolcott told the truth about how the west feels about the administration, and Mr. Studebaker hasn't a wagon advertisement big enough to plaster it over. The sure enough truth is that the only men who are satisfied with the administration are those who, like Mr. Studebaker, are enjoying its favors, big and little."

Isn't it a merry-go-round?

CROSS-CUTS.

A new Irish ballad, much sung at the high-class London ballad concerts, is called "I'm Off to Philadelphia in the Morning."

The Wisconsin editors will soon discuss the question, "Is the newspaper made for the advertiser or the advertiser for the newspaper, or both?"

Judge—Do you think you could give a verdict in accordance with the evidence? Would-be juror—I do. Lawyer (for the defense, hastily)—Challenged for cause.—New York Weekly.

"Do you think Chicago will have the world's fair?" asked the Chicago girl. "Not if you will marry me and settle down in Duluth," replied Mr. Smarley.—Mansey's Weekly.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and characteristic. A blustering, harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself."

Scribbler—The man who calls a ballet-dancer's costume a dress has the imagination of a poet.

Bibbler—Why so?

Scribbler—He gives to nary nothing a local habitation and a name.—Exchange.

Palmer—It's mighty funny, but there are no less than six people with whom I have been talking within a week who are now dead.

Cartilage—I haven't the least doubt of it. I'm sorry I can't stop to listen to you today, but the fact is I'm not prepared.—Boston Transcript.

"Ma, it says in dis 'fog'aphy dat trees grow 'leben thousand feet 'bove de level ob de sea."

"Phoo, I don't b'lieve no trees grow dat high—at least I neva seed one half dat size. Say, Pudge, did you read dat right?"—Harper's Young People.

"What's become of Smalishanks?"

"He's sick in bed."

"So? What ails him?"

"Broke his leg."

"How?"

"Fell off his safety bicycle."—Toledo Blade.

Aunt Jane—"What's this here, Benoni?" Uncle Benoni, (looking at his catalogue)—"No, 32, Venus of Milo." "Wonder how she happened to lose her arms?" Aunt Jane—"Shouldn't wonder if they were froze off, judging 'f'm th' way she's dressed—or, rather, ain't dressed."—Terra Haute Express.

A Brilliant French Woman.

Madame Carnot, wife of the president of the French republic, is distinguished for the tact and good taste with which she discharges her duties as hostess. But the reception which she gave on Christmas day was perhaps the most brilliant of her successes. Her guests were four hundred children chosen from the poorest of the poor. They arrived in omnibuses, their school teachers accompanying them. In the new festival hall a Punch and Judy show was given, followed by other performances. Next came refreshments and ten immense Christmas trees loaded with toys and sweetmeats. Madame la Presidente made the children a kind little speech, in which she said that it was pleasant to begin early to extend to others our enjoyments—"so pleasant that, when once we got the habit of doing so, we could not leave off." This good social lesson was emphasized by an array of four hundred small baskets, containing each an orange wrapped up in silver paper, chocolate, cake, and toy bonbons, to be taken home to the absent brothers and sisters. Every child present received an outer garment among its gifts. President Carnot was too ill to be present, but sent to each little visitor a savings-bank book, tied up with tricolored ribbon, and containing a certificate of deposit of ten francs.

WHEN YOU MARRY.

When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right and nothing's wrong!
From to day and ever after
Let our tears be tears of laughter.
Every sigh that tides a vein
Be a sigh of sweet content!
When you marry merry maiden
Then the air with love is laden:
Every flower is a rose.
Every grove becomes a swan.
Every kind of trouble goes.
Where the last year's snow has gone!
Sunlight takes the place of shade
When you marry, merry maid!
When a merry maiden marries
Sorrow goes and pleasure tarries;
Every sound becomes a song—
All is right, and nothing's wrong.
Gnawing Care and aching Sorrow
Get ye gone until to-morrow;
Jealousies in grim array,
Ye are things of yesterday!
When you marry merry maiden,
Then the air with joy is laden:
All the corners of the earth
Ring with music sweetly played.
Worry is melodious mirth,
Grief is joy in masquerade;
Sullen night is laughing day—
All the year a merry May!
—From Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, "The Gondoliers."

The Fall of a Western Editor.

When the first weekly in Washington territory was established, says the New York Sun, the editor, who was an Ohio printer, made a break in the first issue to establish his reputation as a dangerous man to fool with. He was surrounded by a rough crowd, and he realized that the proper thing to do was to put himself in shape to be sized up according to Hoyle. To effect this he led off with an article abusive to Col. Taylor. The colonel was an infantry individual, and it was therefore safe to call him a liar and a coward, and to declare that if he ever appeared in town he would be horse-whipped up and down the streets. Every issue for two months contained a hit at Col. Taylor, and he was scored so vigorously, and the editor seemed so anxious for some sort of shooting match with him, that "the boys" treated him with the deference always accorded to a fearless man.

When anybody inquired who the colonel was he was informed that he was a desperado of the worst type, and that he had solemnly sworn to have the editor's life. He was never exactly located or identified, but was always dared to come in like a man and have it out.

One day, just after an issue in which Col. Taylor was stigmatized as a white-livered coyote and defied to a duel with bowie knives in a dark room, a stranger came slouching into the office, looked about for a while with curiosity, and then said to the editor:

"Well, I'm here."

"Yes, I see; but what for?" was the reply.

"I'm Col. Taylor."

"No."

"Him, and nobody else. You've been lighting into me like wildcats for a long time past, and I haven't been saying a word. I've got tired of it, however, and now it's got to stop."

"My dear sir, the Col. Taylor mentioned in—"

"Pull yer gun!" interrupted the colonel as he pulled his.

"But, sir, I beg to assure you that—"

"Git down on your knees!"

The editor slid off his chair, his face as pale as death and his hair on end.

"Now eat that!"

The colonel took from his pocket a lump of clay and tossed it on the floor, and he stood there with leveled pistol until the last crumb of it was devoured. Then he put up his weapon and turned to go, saying:

"Next time you open on me I'll come in with a whole bagful of it, and I may conclude to drive the last of it in with a bullet! Go for the rest of 'em all you want to, but when you strike the name of Col. Taylor handle it with care!"

And inside of a week the affair leaked out, and so many men came up to lick the editor, and so many did lick him, that he jumped the plant one night and was never heard of again.

Just Thought He'd Ask.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, lost his hat the other day, says the New York Tribune's Washington correspondent. He came out of the senate cloak room bare headed, with his overcoat on his arm, and paraded the corridors, asking every one he met if he had seen a tall hat straying about anywhere. He was asking the question of Captain May, the door-keeper at the lobby door, when the page came up with the missing article in his hand. Senator Vance was just saying:

"Of course I don't think you have seen it, you know, but I was 'just asking,' like the man who came into my office once when I was governor of North Carolina. He was a tramp-looking man and his clothing was worn and seedy. He looked carefully around the room and then said:

"Governor, you ain't seen nothin' of a pair of boots around here, have you? I left 'em in that corner last night and they ain't there this morning."

"I answered that I had not seen the boots."

"I knew that some d-d thief had stolen them, said the unknown. 'Of course I knowed it wasn't you, but I just thought I'd ask.'"

A Great Sensation in the Korean Court.
The Corea correspondent of the Philadelphia Telegraph is responsible for this blood-curdling story: "On Sunday, a few weeks ago, as Dr. Heron, the royal physician, was entering church, he was hurriedly summoned to the palace, whither he naturally rode post-haste, expecting to find his majesty or some member of the royal family seriously ill. Alas! arriving there he found that the summons was due to the fact that a turkey, which a few days before he had presented to the king, had laid an egg; which unlooked for event had occasioned great excitement, information what to do being urgently required of the medical donor."

"Ought the egg be kept and hatched? If so, how should it be set? Under a male or female turkey? Or if it was to be eaten, how should it be cooked? After imparting the necessary information to the proper officials, the doctor returned to assist in divine service, where, arriving just as the sermon was about to begin, he had just sufficient time to whisper in reply to the anxiously inquiring look of his wife: 'The turkey laid an egg.'"

SHE SAID YES BY TELEPHONE.

The Drummer Was Busy, but He Got Ahead of the Professor.

There is a young lady living in Detroit who for some time has been the recipient of the attentions of two young men, one a professor in the state university at Ann Arbor and the other a traveling salesman for a New York wholesale hardware house, whose route extends through Michigan and parts of Canada. One day last week the New Yorker arrived in Detroit late in the afternoon, and, of course, immediately started making the rounds of the retail hardware dealers, with the laudable purpose of selling each a good stock for the winter before the representative of a rival house should put in an appearance. He had hoped to call on the object of his affections in the evening, but business was good, and 8 o'clock found him busy trying to induce a Woodward avenue dealer to take six dozen axes, four dozen grindstones and a half carload of wooden pulleys.

At this stage of the proceedings a younger brother of the young lady dropped in to buy a new jack-knife, and mentioned casually that the Ann Arbor professor was up at the house. It instantly occurred to the enterprising hardware and cutlery salesman that the professor had come for no other purpose than to lay his heart at the feet of the young lady he himself adored. For a moment there was a struggle in his breast, but he speedily got control of himself and decided that he could not possibly leave the store, as the dealer was just on the point of deciding to take the pulleys. But the thought of giving up the lady who had for months been constantly in his mind, waking or sleeping, was unbearable. Light suddenly dawned on him. Handling the dealer a circular explaining the merits of his double-bladed chopping knives, he requested the use of the merchant's telephone for five minutes, stepped to it, and rang up the central office.

A moment later the telephone bell at the residence of the young lady rang sharp and decisive. The professor had been there for an hour talking pleasantly of the grand educational work they were doing in the department of fossilology at Ann Arbor. When the bell rang, the lady's father being absent (he was a physician), she excused herself and went into an adjoining room to

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S. K. DAVIS.

FORBES & DAVIS,

MINING AND MINING STOCK BROKERS,
Room 20, Bailey Block.

REFERENCES: First National and Montana National Banks, P. O. BOX 664.

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